James "Rhodey" Rhodes has been a Marine, a pilot, Tony Stark's best friend, and one of just a handful of heroes to wear the Iron Man armor. But deep down, Iron Man is a super hero. And Rhodey is a soldier. So when the forgotten victims of the world need the kind of help that only a soldier can provide, Rhodey dons his own suit of armor -- and claims the power and responsibility of an entire army!

Now Rhodey watches out for the forgotten victims of the world from a stealth satellite headquarters, outfitted with untraceable, non-Stark technology that makes him more powerful -- and dangerous -- than ever before!

WAR MACHINE

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SANTO MARCO.
JUST SAY THE NAME AND WATCH EVERYONE'S EYES GLAZE OVER.
NO ONE EVER GAVE A HOT DAMN ABOUT SANTO MARCO.
<KEEP MOVING TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE FIELD!>*
*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.
OF COURSE, EVERYONE'S TERRIBLY CONCERNED.
BUT WITH THE TELEVISION TALKING ABOUT TRIBAL GRUDGES, ATROCITIES ON BOTH SIDES, AND NO STRATEGIC AMERICAN INTERESTS...
<AT LEAST LET THE CHILDREN GO!>
<LET MY SON GO!>
<CENTER OF THE FIELD! NOW!>
<BUT-->
...WHAT CAN WE POSSIBLY DO?
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
SO WE SUBMIT A COUPLE OF STERNLY WORDED STATEMENTS...
...SEND A FEW INTERNATIONAL OBSERVERS...
HEY! BLUE HATS! WE COULD USE A LITTLE HELP HERE!
THIS IS NUTS. WE HAVE TO--
IT'S NOT IN OUR MANDATE. UNLESS WE'RE FIRED UPON, WE CAN'T--
BUT THEY'RE GONNA KILL THEM!
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.
WHOA...
...AND THEN WE SIGH AND TURN AWAY...

GENE SCAN COMPLETE.
IN THE NAME OF GENERAL LUIS AUGUSTINE, PRESIDENT AND FIRST CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC OF SANTO MARCO--
...AS A RETROFITTED SENTINEL SEPARATES OUT EVERYONE FROM THE SAME TRIBE AS THE MAIN REBEL LEADERS--
--AND KILLS THEM.
WAIT! NO!
...EN LA SOMBRA DE TUS ALAS ME AMPARARÉ, HASTA QUE PASEN LOS QUEBRANTOS...
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BUT WHAT COULD WE POSSIBLY DO, YOU ASK?
I DUNNO. MAYBE...

KILL THE %#@& OUT OF 'EM RIGHT BACK.
WAR MACHINE

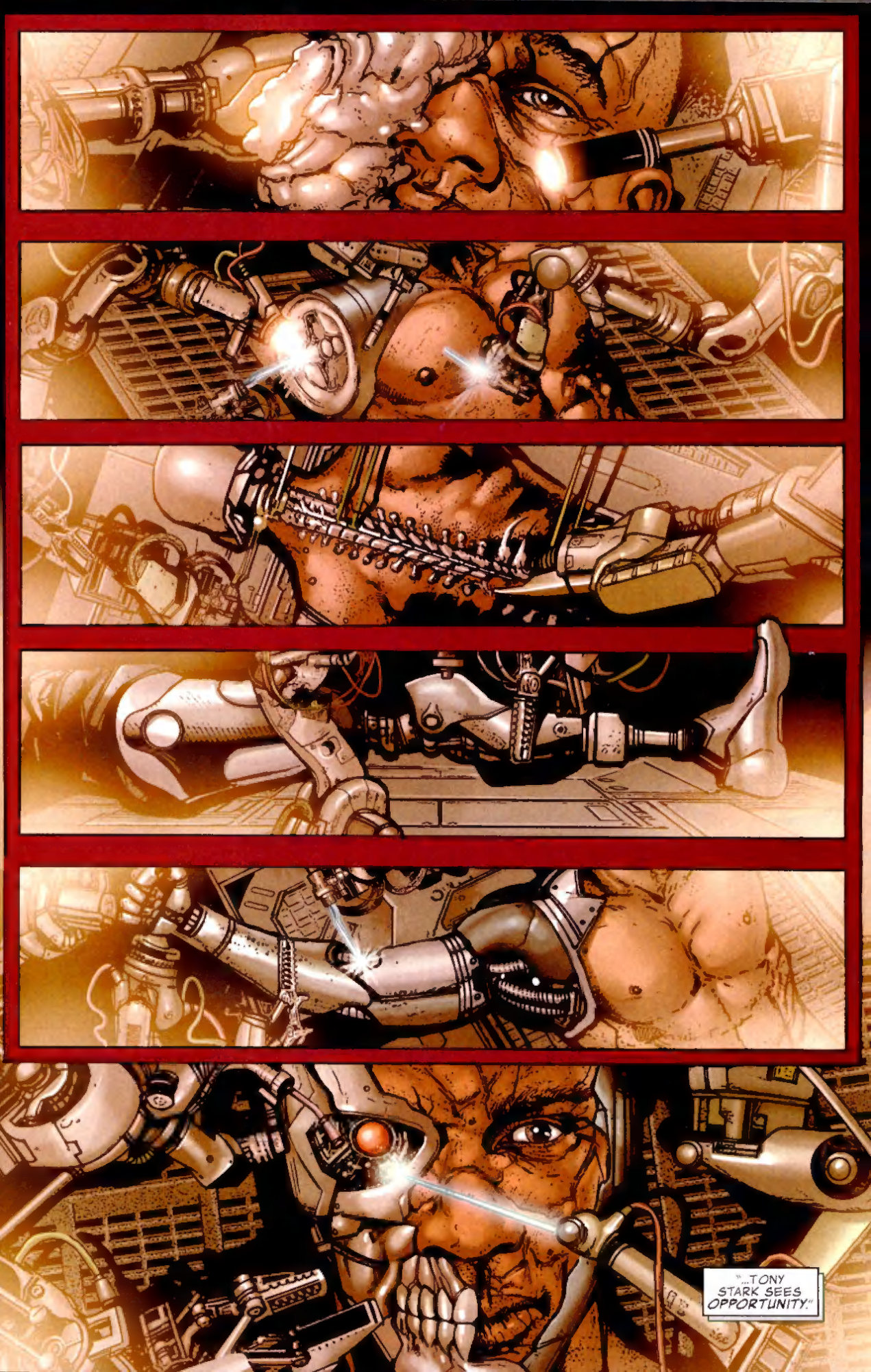
WARMACHINE
YOU.
OH, &%$#.
BLAM
BLAM
PING
PING

M. ALVAREZ.
GUARD AND INTERROGATOR AT THE COAHIBA DETENTION CENTER. RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TORTURE AND MURDER OF 32 DETAINEES.
KILL NUMBER: 113
F. SCHNEEBAUM.
PARTICIPANT IN THE BURNING OF 312 REFUGEES IN THE IGLESIA DE CRISTOBAL.
KILL NUMBER: 122
R. BELASCO.
FORMER ARMY SERGEANT CONVICTED OF THE RAPE AND MURDER OF 17 WOMEN. RELEASED AND REINSTATED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE TAINO REBELLION.
KILL NUMBER: 153
C. GUZMAN.
PLATOON LEADER OF SANTO MARCO ARMED FORCES DEATH SQUAD E82. 1324 REFUGEES KILLED UNDER HIS COMMAND.
KILL NUMBER: 165
H. "BABYKILLER" ORACION.
COLLECTS THE EARS AND NOSES OF INDIO CHILDREN.
KILL NUMBER: 176
DATA ENTRY
RUNNING SPEED 00334 55 3344897
J. ARANA.
7 YEARS OLD.
SUSPENDED FROM FIRST GRADE FOR EATING PASTE.
KILL NUMBER: 2
DATA: BULLETS PIERCING ROUNDS
WEAPON CALIBER .M-16 EXPANSIVE BULLETS
3250 FPS TIME SPEED

VOOOOOO
VOOOOOO
SPACK
CRACHTK
BASHTK
CRACHTK
SPACK
CRACHTK
BASHTK
CRACHTK
SPACK

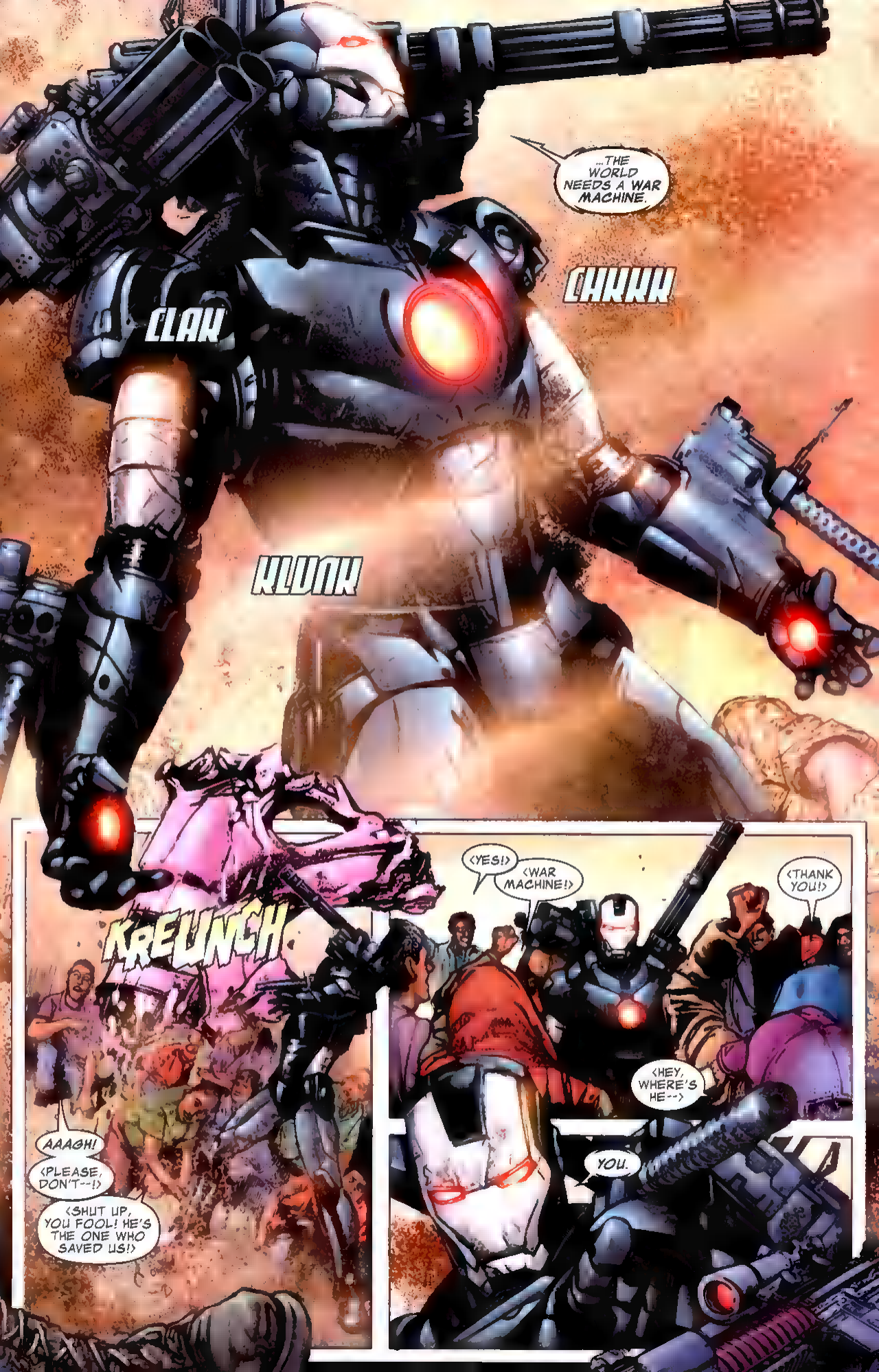
GRACIAS!
DE NADA.
FUEGO!
BRRAKOOOOOM
EVERYONE, DOWN!
THOSE ARE PANIC 135MM M73S--STRONG ENOUGH TO RATTLE MY BRAINS WHILE THEY BLOW OFF MY ARMS...
SHAKOOOOM

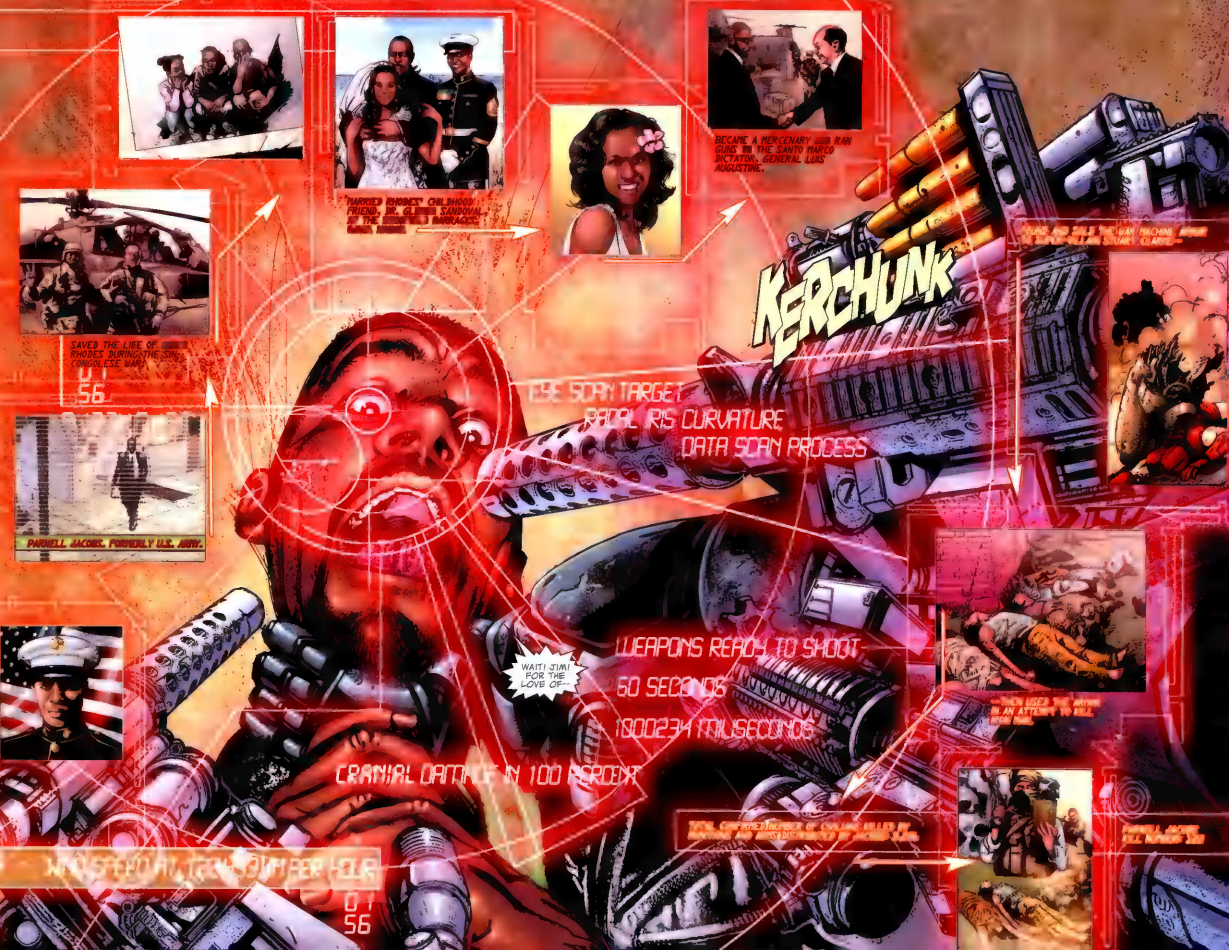
...AND SUDDENLY I'VE KICKED BACK ONE YEAR...
...AND I'M TRYING TO TELL MY HAND TO STOP WIPING MY FACE AND GRAB MY GUN...
...AND THEN I SEE IT'S NOT MY HAND...
...AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO SAVE, ANYWAY.
THE BOMBERS... YOU GOT 'EM?
THEY'RE IN CUSTODY.
SHOULDA JUST KILLED 'EM, TONY.
NOT THE WAY WE WORK, JIM.
NOT THE WAY YOU WORK.
WE CAN FIGHT ABOUT THAT LATER. FOR THE MOMENT, LET'S JUST FOCUS ON KEEPING YOU...
HA.
WHAT?
I CAN ALREADY SEE THE WHEELS TURNING.
WHEN EVERYONE ELSE SEES NOTHING BUT DISASTER...


"...TONY STARK SEES OPPORTUNITY."

NOW THAT'S IMPROVEMENT, ISN'T IT?
BETHANY CABE. WHERE'S YOUR BOYFRIEND?
COME ON, RHODES. TONY AND I HAVEN'T DATED FOR YEARS.
BUT YOU KNEW WHO I WAS TALKING ABOUT.
PSH. HE'S OFF-SITE. AND HE'S GOING TO STAY THAT WAY.
THERE'S NOT A SINGLE SCRAP OF STARK TECH IN YOUR ENTIRE RECONSTRUCTION. YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY UNTRACEABLE AND AUTONOMOUS.
HE'S GOT PLANS, HUH?
MAYBE. BUT HE SAID YOU'D PROBABLY HAVE PLANS, TOO.
YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU'VE EVER BEEN. YOU HAVE CAPABILITIES THAT NO ONE'S EVEN DREAMED ABOUT YET.
BUT THIS KIND OF INTEGRATION OF FLESH AND MACHINE WILL CREATE NEW PHYSICAL, MENTAL, EMOTIONAL, AND...
...MAYBE EVEN MORAL STRESSES.
IS THIS TITANIUM?
WITH A LITTLE VIBRANIUM T'CHALLA SENT OVER.
SWEET. GOTTA LOVE WAKANDAN TECH.
YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS ISN'T A PERMANENT SOLUTION. WITHIN A YEAR, WE'LL HAVE A NEW FIX. SOMETHING MORE... HUMAN.
THIS'LL DO FOR NOW.
LISTEN, JIM. I UNDERSTAND YOUR DEDICATION. BUT NO MAN, NO MATTER HOW STRONG, CAN SUSTAIN THIS FOR LONG.
WHEN THE TIME COMES...

I HATE THEM.
HEADS UP! HIS ARMS ARE MOVIN--
PASHHH
BASKK
BRAKKA BRAKKA
PASHHH
BASKK
PASHHH
BASKK
GOD HELP ME, I HATE THEM.
PASHHH
MAYBE SOMEDAY SOMEONE'LL HATE ME JUST AS MUCH.
CHH THH
BUT I DON'T CARE.
THH CHH
H-CHHH!
ALL I KNOW...
...IS THAT TODAY...


...THE WORLD NEEDS A WAR MACHINE.
CLAW
CHRRR
KLUNK
KREUNCH
AAAGH!
<PLEASE, DON'T--!>
<SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! HE'S THE ONE WHO SAVED US!>
<YES!>
<WAR MACHINE!>
<THANK YOU!>
<HEY, WHERE'S HE-->
YOU.


KERCHUNK
SAVED THE LIFE OF RHODES DURING THE 5TH CONGOLESE WAR.
56
PARNELL JACOBS. FORMERLY U.S. ARMY.
BECAME A MERCENARY AND RAN GUNS IN THE SANTO MARCO DICTATOR, GENERAL LUIS AUGUSTINE.
USE SCAN TARGET
RADIAL RIS CURVATURE
DATA SCAN PROCESS
WEAPONS READY TO SHOOT
60 SECONDS
1.800234 MILISECONDS
WAIT! JIM! FOR THE LOVE OF--
CRANIAL DATA OF IN 100 NODES
07
56

YOU CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS, JIM. YOUR BODY CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER.
JUST UPLOAD THE SURGERY PROTOCOLS.
WHOA.
GETTING SEWN UP BY THE BOTS AGAIN ISN'T GOING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
YOU'RE DYING, JIM. IT'S TIME TO COME IN. WE'RE ALMOST READY FOR YOU.
I'M NOT DONE YET, BETHANY.
AND I'VE GOT PARNELL, NOW.
PARNELL? PARNELL JACOBS? WHAT THE HELL'S HE GOING TO DO FOR YOU?
HE KNOWS THE WAR MACHINE ARMOR BETTER THAN ANYONE OTHER THAN TONY STARK HIMSELF.
HE'S GOING TO RECONFIGURE IT TO REDUCE THE STRESS ON MY SYSTEM--
HE'S A WAR CRIMINAL, JIM. HE'LL RIG THE ARMOR TO BLOW, HOSE OFF YOUR GUTS, AND SELL THE PARTS TO THE FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN HE FINDS.

OR HE MIGHT JUST HIT ME ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A TIRE IRON.
BUT HE'LL RETHINK THAT PLAN ONCE HE LEARNS THAT WHEN MY VITALS CEASE, EVERY MACHINE ON THIS SATELLITE SHUTS DOWN.
SLOW, COLD WAY TO DIE, ALL ALONE UP HERE IN THIS TIN CAN.
JIM, THIS WHOLE THING SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY BAD IDE--
I KNOW, BETHANY. WAR MACHINE OUT.
JIM--
CLICK
THE MINUTE YOU BETRAY THE MISSION, YOU'RE DEAD.
AND WHAT'S THE MISSION?
KILL THE BAD GUYS.
WHICH ONES?
ALL OF THEM.
YOU'RE NUTS.
STARTING WITH THE MONSTERS WHO ABDUCTED GLENDA.
GLENDA?

DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOUR OWN WIFE WAS MISSING, HUH?
AH, SHE'S NOT MISSING. SHE'S JUST MAD.
FEW MONTHS AGO, I GOT SHOT. EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD, AND I FIGURED IT'D BE SAFER TO LET 'EM KEEP THINKING THAT WAY.
WHEN I FINALLY CHECKED IN ON HER, SHE BLEW UP IN MY FACE.
NEXT THING I KNOW, SHE'D SIGNED ON AS A MEDIC WITH EAGLESTAR INTERNATIONAL AND SHIPPED OVERSEAS.
PUPIL DILATION: NORMAL
PULSE: NORMAL
STRESS LEVELS: NORMAL.
AND YOU JUST LET HER GO.
HEY, YOU KNOW GLENDA. SHE DOESN'T NEED ANYONE TO "LET" HER DO ANYTHING.
KACHUNK
WHAT ARE YOU--

FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS, MY SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN CRACKING THE DATABASES OF EVERY RELEVANT GOVERNMENT, NEWS SERVICE, AND PRIVATE SECURITY FIRM AROUND THE WORLD.
PICKED UP THE FINAL CODE I NEEDED OUT OF A CHIP OF ONE OF THOSE EAGLESTAR MISSILES THAT HIT ME IN SANTO MARCO.
SHE FINISHED THE CONTRACTOR TRAINING COURSE IN HAWAII IN JULY...
...TOOK THE EAGLESTAR CHARTER TO PARIS...

...AND THEN FLEW TO OCCUPIED AQIRIA.
THE KINGDOM OF AQIRIA ENTERED A STATE OF CIVIL WAR SEVEN MONTHS AGO WHEN DESERT TRIBES FORMED AN INSURGENCY TO FIGHT THE RULING MONARCHY.
ESTIMATED DEAD: 30,000
WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE U.N. AND NATO, AN INTERNATIONAL COALITION FORCE OF MILITARY CONTRACTORS HAS INTERVENED WITH A MANDATE TO SUPPORT THE MONARCHY AND PROTECT THE COUNTRY'S INFRASTRUCTURE.
ESTIMATED DISPLACED: 240,000
MISSING: 15,000
HOW MANY OF THOSE INSURGENTS DID YOU ARM, PARNELL?
WAIT... GLENDA! WHERE'S GLENDA?!
OH, BABY...

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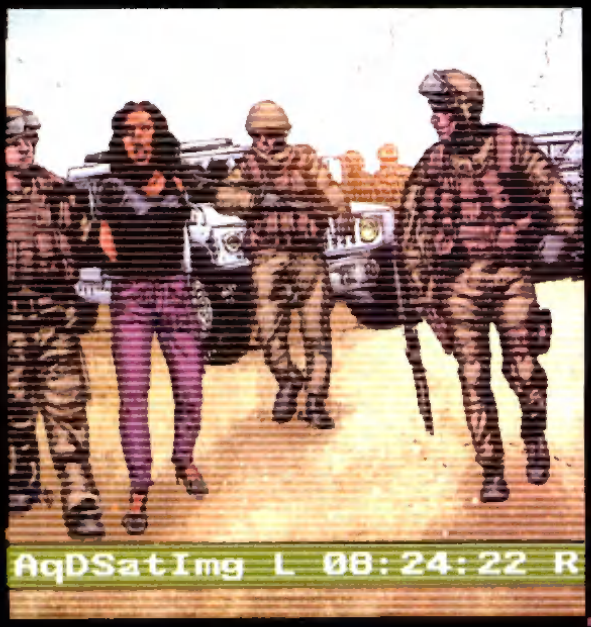
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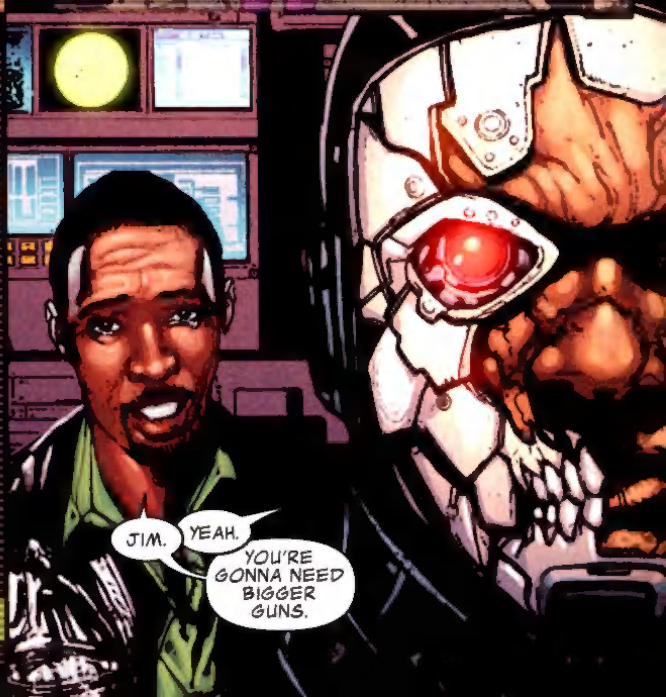
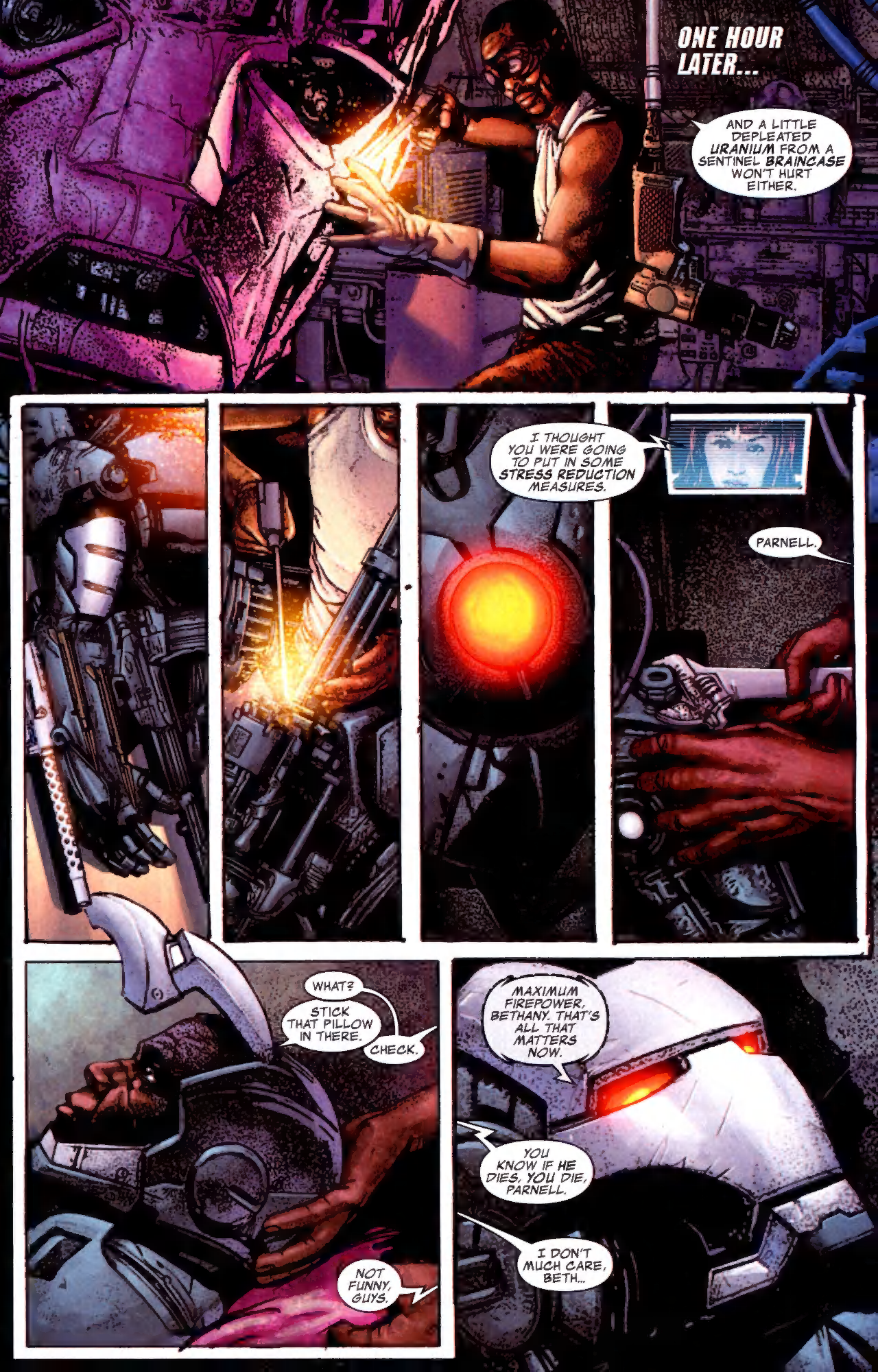

JIM.
YEAH.
YOU'RE GONNA NEED BIGGER GUNS.


ONE HOUR LATER...
AND A LITTLE DEPLEATED URANIUM FROM A SENTINEL BRAINCASE WON'T HURT EITHER.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PUT IN SOME STRESS REDUCTION MEASURES.
PARNELL.
WHAT?
STICK THAT PILLOW IN THERE.
CHECK.
NOT FUNNY, GUYS.
MAXIMUM FIREPOWER, BETHANY. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS NOW.
YOU KNOW IF HE DIES, YOU DIE, PARNELL.
I DON'T MUCH CARE, BETH...

...AS LONG AS HE MURDERS THE %$#& OUT OF THOSE ANIMALS...
...AND BRINGS MY BABY HOME.

COLORADO.
KA-BOOM
COMMANDER CABE, WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
WHAT THE HELL--
EVERYBODY, GET TO THE INNER BUNKERS AND--
BLAM
DAMMIT!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
FTOOP
KA-BOOM
UNH!
WELL...
...THAT WAS A BIT MESSY.
SORRY, DIRECTOR OSBORN.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, SOLDIER.